

INDEPENDENCE BELL.



LD birth-day bell of freedom!
The scar upon thy side
Is sacred as the battle-wound
Of which a conqueror died;
'Twas when thy war-song sounded
A people burst their chains,
And Tyranny heard astounded
The death-knell of its reign.

Enough, Oh tuneful prophet,
On Independence morn,
When North and South thy clanging mouth
Proclaimed a nation born;
To a hundred cities
The song such news could tell
Had been thy *nunc d'mittis*.
Thy music's own farewell.
For bell no prouder tidings
E'er pealed to patriot ears.
Nor voice a gladder message spoke
Than thine in all the years.
The lips that once such burden
Of joy to millions bore
Earned well the golden guerdon
Of silence evermore.
Thou stand'st like some gray singer
In fame forever young.
Time's midwinters streak thy ruffled cheek.
Its rust thy tuneful tongue.
But the brave old proclamation
In echo lives, and will
To each new generation
Repeat thy story still.
And long thy throne of honor
For thee shall patriots claim
Beneath thy historic campanile
Where swung thy brazen frame,
And bless that ancient morning
When thy grand voice on high
Rang once Oppression's warning,
And Freedom's battle-cry.
—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

JACK'S CELEBRATION.

He Proves Himself a Hero and
Makes the Day a Success.



OR days before the Fourth Jack Harrington was in a state of the wildest excitement. An ordinary Fourth of July by itself is about enough to furnish the average boy with food for thought, but when you take into consideration the fact that Jack's birthday and his country's occur on the same day, and that on this particular birthday he entered his teens, and had been promised ten dollars by Uncle Ned wherewith to help celebrate, you can easily see that the event promised to be one of unusual interest.

"It's going to be a regular 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle' kind of a Fourth of July," Jack declared to his intimate and confidential friend, Dick Torrey, as they sat on the fence whittling and talking things over one night after tea. "We must get every thing ready the night before, and at half-past five we'll serenade the family. We'll fire off the big cannon crackers under Em's window. Hoh! won't she squirm?" And Jack was so amused at the thought of his sister's behavior that he fell off the fence, and rolled ignominiously on the ground.

Every night until the eventful day was close upon them the boys, perched upon their favorite resting-place, the fence, talked things over, and laid their plans.

Mr. Harrington had told Jack that he could keep his fire-crackers in the sugar-house in the maple grove, and that he could consider the place his own special property for the day, and make just as much noise as he wanted to.

In the morning they were to make "music in the air" with dozens of pack-



A TRIUMPH OF ART.

ages of fire-crackers; at noon there was to be a picnic lunch with five of Jack's friends as guests. ("No girls, thank you," said Jack, for I regret to say he was at the age when he regarded these important members of society as entirely beneath his notice.) In the afternoon there was to be a circus at which Uncle Ned had promised to take "the gang," as the six dubbed themselves, and in the evening they were to have fireworks on the lawn; this was the programme. Jack had made several elaborate posters, using an entire cake of "vermillion" from Emily's box of water-color paints, and ruining one of her very

best camel's hair brushes, and nailed them to trees all about the sugar-house, so that the maple grove presented the appearance of an anarchist's encampment. So startling were the posters, covered with letters of a fiery hue, and bristling with exclamation points, that I will copy one for your benefit, but a great deal must be left to the imagination:

PROGRAMME FOR FOURTH OF JULY

AND
THE BIRTHDAY OF J. HARRINGTON, JR.
[Here were broad dashes and red paint]
5:30 A. M.—GRAND OPENING SERENADE OF
FIRE-CRACKERS, HORNS AND DRUMS!!!
7:30 TO 7:45.—BREAKFAST.
7:45 TO 11:45.—FIRING OF CRACKERS, &C.
12.—LUNCH (Ice-Cream, Candy, etc.)
[Various ornamental designs in paint.]
1 TO 2.—LYING AROUND.
STORIES BY THE HONORABLE
MR. HARRINGTON
AND MR. NEDWARD ROBBINS, ESQ.
2 O'CLOCK.—CIRCUS!
[Exclamation points all across the paper
and several horizontal lines under
the important word.]
6 O'CLOCK.—SUPPER ON THE LAWN.
AFTER DARK, GRAND DISPLAY
OF FIREWORKS BY
PROF. JACK HARRINGTON,
WITH THE KIND ASSISTANCE OF
MR. NEDWARD ROBBINS.
FINIS.
[Here scroll work and fancy designs utterly
beyond my powers of description.]

This programme was looked upon as a triumph of art by Jack and the five kindred spirits who constituted "the gang," and many were the hours spent upon it.

Every thing progressed finely, and the night before the Fourth all plans were perfected, purchases made, and the fire-crackers and fire-works reposed calmly in the sugar-house. Not so, however, Jack in his bed; he had been persuaded to retire early in view of the next day's festivities, but he was far too excited to sleep; all sorts of visions flitted before his eyes, and danced through his brain.

At last it occurred to him that he had not locked the door of the sugar-house. What if tramps should get in and steal his precious treasures!

The thought was intolerable, and the more he dwelt upon it the more certain he became that unless that door was locked not a fire-cracker would remain to cheer his eyes in the morning. So, slipping out of bed, he put on his stockings, trousers and jacket, and, taking his shoes in his hand, crept softly down the back stairs and out of the kitchen door. Norah was out, and no one saw or heard him. The crescent moon was setting in the west, and the stars shone brightly down, giving every promise of a bright to-morrow.

To reach the sugar-house, which was not far beyond the barn, and lock the door was the work of but a few moments; then Jack turned to go back, when his foot slipped on a rolling stone and over he fell. When he tried to get up a cry of pain escaped him, and he found that he could not take a step.

"Here's a pretty state of things!" he said aloud, lapsing unconsciously into the language of Koko. "What's a fellow to do?"

He knew that the barn had been locked long ago and that William, the man, had gone home, so there would be no help from that quarter. There was nothing to do but get himself home as best he could—a slow and very painful process which it took some time to accomplish.

He reached the house just as the lights were about to be put out and the doors locked for the night. His mother's surprise and terror when Jack crawled upon the piazza and she saw his white face can better be imagined than described.

Mr. Harrington carried Jack upstairs while Uncle Ned hurried off for the doctor; and while his mother was cutting the stocking from the badly swollen ankle and getting the foot into hot water he told her how it happened.

"It will be all right in the morning, won't it, mother?" he asked so anxiously that Mrs. Harrington hadn't the heart to tell him that she feared it would be many mornings before he could use it.

"A pretty bad sprain," Dr. Rogers said, half an hour later, and he ordered the ankle kept in hot water for an hour and then bandaged with hot compresses.

Jack finally fell asleep with his mother's hand smoothing his hair, and all night dreamed of fire-crackers and big red letters, which seemed to be alive and possessed of legs, dancing the wildest kind of jigs in the orchard, while he himself was going up like a rocket, only to be pulled down by Dick Torrey's seizing hold of his ankle with such a grip that he awoke, calling out: "Stop that, old fellow!"

The sunlight was streaming into his room, and he heard a soft whistle under his window; he started up, remembering what day it was, and thinking that he was late for the "Serenade," but a twinge in his ankle reminded him of last night's experience, and he sank back on his pillow, buried his face under the sheet, and—will you think any the less of him if I tell you of it?—yes actually cried. But no one knows of it to this day but you and me, for Jack scorned tears, and had been heard to say only the day before, when Emily had had some slight disappointment, that "only girls and babies cried."

So he dried his eyes very quickly when he heard his mother's step, and swallowed the big lump in his throat, and said, in an off-hand way, when she came into the room: "I guess I'm in for it. You'd better tell the fellows—for the soft whistles had grown by this time into loud calls of "Wake up, sleepy-head!" "Hurry up, lazy-bones!"

"You're a nice one to sleep over on Fourth o' July!" and various other complimentary salutations.

Mrs. Harrington went down and told the boys of Jack's accident, and they walked sorrowfully away.

The doctor came soon after breakfast, and said that Jack could be carried to the piazza and lie in the steamer-chair, but that on no account must he take a step that day.

It was hard, wasn't it, boys? I wonder how many of you would have borne it as bravely as Jack did!

Every one was kindness itself, and I can not describe the attentions and tenderness shown him by his family.

Birthday presents were showered upon him, the tender-hearted and forgiving Emily emptying her bank of its contents in order to buy a five-bladed knife to give him in addition to her other present.

"The gang" came around and tried, in their boyish ways, to show sympathy; they offered to bring all their fire-crackers and fire them off in Jack's yard; but this was a little more than human nature (at least Jack's human nature) could bear, and he said, politely:

"No, thank you; the noise might disturb the family."

But do you think no victories were won that day? Let me tell you. Toward noon the thought of those dozens of



JACK CRAWLED UPON THE PIAZZA.

packages of fire-crackers lying untouched in the sugar-house appealed to Jack, and he said to Emily:

"You might as well get some of those fire-crackers, and if we see Tim Reilly or any of those kids (I am sorry to say that my hero *did* talk slang) who didn't expect to have any, why, just toss out a few to them."

The lunch which had occupied so large a place in Jack's thoughts was served on the piazza, and Mr. Harrington and Uncle Ned tried their hardest to be entertaining, and were so successful that Jack forgot his pain and disappointment and laughed as merrily as any one.

It wasn't easy to see the party off for the circus. Dick Torrey magnanimously offered to stay with Jack and play checkers, but I am proud to say that he wasn't listened to for a moment; and when they all went off down the street, Jack waved his hand as cheerfully as if he hadn't been thinking of it day and night for weeks.

There was quite a fight with selfishness as night came on. Several of his father's and mother's friends had been asked to come and see the fire-works in the evening, but it seemed to Jack that he could not bear it to have to lie in the chair and see some one else fire them off. Selfishness prompted him to ask his mother to send word to the people and have the fire-works put off until he was well; but he knew that this would mean a great deal of trouble, and that those who were expected had not provided fire-works of their own. And, I am glad to say, his better nature won the victory, and he made Dick supremely happy, when he came over to report about the circus, by asking him to take his place. The fire-works were a great success (and so, at least in the boys' opinion, was the ice-cream which followed), and when the guests finally took their departure, one of the boys proposed three rousing cheers for Jack, which were given so enthusiastically and with such prolonged energy that the older members of the family fully expected to see the police at their gate.

When Jack was helped up to bed that night he told his mother that he had had almost as good a time as he expected to have. Perhaps the sweetest moment of all was when his mother, giving him her good-night kiss, said: "You haven't celebrated the day, dear, as you meant to do; but you have made me very proud and happy by bearing so bravely all the pain and disappointment, and I really think you have shown yourself a man."

To which Jack, somewhat irreverently, but with an accompanying hug, which prevented any reproach, replied: "Mother, you're a daisy!"—Ada Sherwood, in Christian Union.

A Grateful Tramp.

Caustic Griffin (the tramp)—Madam, will you please give me a piece of that mince pie you had when I visited this part of the country last?

Housewife—No; go away, or I'll call the dog!

Tramp—Thanks, madam, thanks!

Housewife—And for what?

Tramp (satchel in hand)—For giving me another chance to live. I called for that pie with the intention of committing suicide, but now I feel a little fonder of life. Good-day, madam!—Lawrence American.

DEATH TO BACTERIA.

Coffee Discovered to Be a Good and Economical Disinfectant.

An old negro living in a district where the disease often prevailed, once told the writer that one of the best preventive measures against yellow fever was infusion of coffee. Some years ago he passed through an epidemic of that grave malady under the worst possible conditions. For at least a month he occupied the quarters of a large number of sufferers, passing night and day among them, eating and sleeping in their midst.

Recalling the homely advice given him, he faithfully tried coffee as an antiseptic and drank freely of a very strong infusion five or six times a day, and continued the practice all the time he was under exposure. He was fortunate enough to escape contagion, but never attached much importance to the use of the coffee. Considering the results of recent developments, it would seem that the old negro was right in attributing antiseptic properties to it.

A series of experiments conducted by a German professor has proved that they are quite marked. Several different forms of intestinal bacteria were experimented upon, and their development and growth were found in all cases to be interfered with by the addition of a small quantity of coffee infusion to nutrient gelatin. In pure infusion the bacteria were rapidly destroyed.

The question as to what constituents exercise the antiseptic effect can not yet be fully determined. The caffeine is certainly active in only a slight degree; the tannin to a somewhat greater extent; but, presumably, of greatest importance are the substances that are developed by roasting. It is interesting to note that a cup of coffee, left in a room for a week or more, remains almost free from micro-organisms.—Boston Herald.

—Comparisons are odious, as every one must have heard again and again, but thoughtful people will persist in making them. A young doctor, wishing to make an impression upon a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy, and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical school. "Oh, dot vas noding," said the farmer; "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows, and he made noding but a common schteer, after all."—American Medical Journal.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

I include has his greatest swing in society when the hammock season arrives.—N. O. Picayune.

My wife had chills and fever for nearly a year and tried every thing. At last Smith's Tonic Syrup broke them. I now prescribe it in my practice.—A. W. Travis, M. D., Silver Lake, Kan.

The diplomatic barber acts a part when he goes over the head of a bald-headed customer.—Washington Post.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

SOME lawyers are always poor, while others in the profession meet with phenomenal success.

RHEUMATIC Pains are greatly relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

WATER is good in case of fever, but watered stock makes the market feverish.—Texas Siftings.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

SAND-BAGGING may be classed among the too base hits.—Texas Siftings.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 25.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 25	@	4 40
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 00
Native cows	2 50	@	3 30
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 50	@	3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81	@	81 1/2
No. 2 hard	74	@	74 1/2
CORN—No. 2	29	@	29 1/2
OATS—No. 2	26	@	26 1/2
RYE—No. 2	39	@	39 1/2
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	1 85	@	2 25
Fancy	1 40	@	1 45
HAY—Baled	3 50	@	6 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	11	@	15
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9 1/2
EGGS—Choice	10	@	11
BACON—Hams	5	@	6 1/2
Shoulders	7	@	8
Sides	6 1/2	@	6 3/4
LARD	6 1/2	@	6 3/4
POTATOES	85	@	65
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 40	@	4 70
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 10
HOGS—Packing	3 50	@	3 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 20
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85 1/2	@	89
CORN—No. 2	34 1/2	@	32 1/2
OATS—No. 2	28	@	28 1/2
RYE—No. 2	44 1/2	@	45
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	18
PORK	11 40	@	11 50
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 80
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 50	@	3 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 25
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84 1/2	@	84 1/2
CORN—No. 2	34	@	34 1/2
OATS—No. 2	28 1/2	@	28 1/2
RYE—No. 2	45	@	46
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	18
PORK	12 40	@	12 50
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 50	@	5 15
HOGS—Good to choice	3 15	@	4 45
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	30 1/2	@	31
CORN—No. 2	41	@	4 1/4
OATS—Western mixed	32	@	32 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	24 1/2
PORK	13 90	@	14 25

Intelligent People.

When an intelligent person makes up his mind to try Smith's Tonic Syrup, made by Dr. John Bull, of Louisville, Ky., he will not be persuaded by his druggist to take some other remedy. He will insist on his druggist getting the medicine he wants, even though he may have to wait a week for it. When a family has once used Smith's Tonic Syrup and experienced its quick effect in curing all symptoms of malaria, chills and fever, summer colds, etc., they never allow themselves to be without it. An intelligent father would as soon be without flour in the house as to be without Smith's Tonic Syrup. The children like it, and its effect is always satisfactory.

"The early bird catches the worm," but it is the late "lark" that brings on the "snakes."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Demon of the Marsh.

The evil spirit that hovers about stagnant pools and inundated lowlands, is no materialized bogey, no phantasm of a disordered imagination, but a power of evil far more malignant than any familiar anatomized by Cotton Mather. It is Malaria, which has for its destructive progeny fever and ague, bilious remittent and dumb ague, conquerable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as are dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, etc.

The difference between knave and fool is slight. A thief is a fool if he gets caught, and a knave if he doesn't.—Ashland Press.

The most potent remedies for the cure of disease have been discovered by accident. The first dose of Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria was given, as an experiment, to an old lady almost dying from the effects of Malaria, on whom Quinine acted as a poison. One dose cured her; and a single dose has cured thousands since. It is the only known Antidote for the poison of Malaria. Sold by druggists.

The expenses of an electric company may be summed up as current expenses.—Lawrence American.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar.

RESTAURANT-keepers are always ready to steak a man when he has money.—N. O. Picayune.

MANY of the worm medicines and vermifuges sold by druggists irritate the stomach of a little child. Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers never do. As harmless as candy, yet they never fail. Try them.

The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work.—Ashland Press.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

A PRIVATE wedding and a "pat hand" are somewhat alike; it is "no cards" in both cases.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

ALL disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

No LANGUAGE can express the feelings of a deaf mute who steps on a tack in a dark room.—Elmira Gazette.

CURED OF SICK HEADACHE.

W. D. Edwards, Palmyra, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Costiveness and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but

Tutt's Pills

is the only one that gave me relief. I find that one pill acts better than three of any other kind, and does not weaken or gripe." Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 35 cents.

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J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.



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Use Peruvian Strengthening Elixir. The best TONIC in EXISTENCE. Pleasant to the taste, but not a beverage. Cures Biliousness, General Debility, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, etc. Ask your DRUGGIST for it. Manufactured by McFEE & FOX, ATTCHISON, KANSAS.

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